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NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

*Lecture on Symmes' theory of Concentric Spheres, read at the Western Museum.*  
By T. J. MATTHEWS.

(CONTINUED.)

I shall now endeavour to show wherein the analogies ought to hold still further, in the appearances presented by the celestial phenomena. The shadow of the earth on the moon's disk is known to be always circular in lunar eclipses, which could never result from any other form in the body casting the shadow, than that of a sphere. Mr. Symmes appears to be aware of this difficulty and endeavours to surmount it by the following explanation. He says that the earth's atmosphere immediately over the polar opening, possesses such an extraordinary degree of refractive power, as to bend all the solar rays entering it, into the polar opening, consequently as none of them pass over the verge to the moon, the effect is the same as though a solid body were interposed to intercept them.

Of this wonderful, I may say magical effect of the refractive power of the atmosphere, I shall speak more fully when I come to treat of that part of his hypothesis which relates particularly to the earth; at present I shall content myself with observing that it is unphilosophical to suppose the atmosphere obeying different laws of motion and gravitation from those which actuate the solid matter of the globe itself, the atmosphere though fluid, is material and subject to the same laws as other matter. Indeed it is only on the supposition of the earth's having once been in a semi-fluid or yielding state, that we can account for the circumstance of its being flattened at the poles, and protruded at the equator by the combined action of two opposite forces. Now the atmosphere obeying the same laws, must necessarily assume the same form, and the force of cohesive attraction affording no obstruction to the free motion of its particles, the effect ought to take place to a much greater extent.—It follows from this, that the whole height of the atmosphere is much less at the poles than about the equatorial parts, but its mean height to the point where it ceases to refract the solar rays, is well known to be about 46 miles, which must

therefore be greater than its height at the poles, but to produce the effect which Mr. Symmes attributes to it, would require it to be 536 miles high immediately over the centre of the north polar opening, and much more over that of the southern one, and even at that height its density must be so great as to bend all the rays into the opening; consequently its height to where refraction ceases, must be much greater.

If the atmosphere were piled up to this enormous height at and near the poles, the density of its lower strata would be proportionally increased by the weight of that which would be superincumbent, and this density would be still further increased, the further we should penetrate beyond the verge. But if an atmosphere of 46 miles height is able to sustain a column of mercury in the barometer of about 30 inches, what would be the height of the column that would be sustained by an atmosphere of the enormous height above mentioned—in fact a barometer placed no farther within the verge, than according to Mr. Symmes' belief has been frequently explored, would be burst in pieces by the effort of the mercury to ascend beyond the usual limit of the tube, and no living being constituted as we are, could exist and breathe in an atmosphere of such extreme density. This piling up of the atmosphere at the pole is indeed contrary to the hypothesis itself, for if the polar openings are the effect of the tendency of matter to recede from the axis or centre of motion, to which cause Mr. Symmes in part attributes their production, the same cause ought to produce a similar effect on the atmosphere, and cause it to recede until it should form a vortex or hollow immediately over the polar openings.

The analogy also fails in the circular form exhibited by the moon and most of the planets, when in opposition, or when the earth is between them and the sun. If they were cut off at the poles by the planes of polar openings, they would present an appearance approaching that of a parallelogram, and as there would be no solid matter beyond the verges from which to reflect the sun's light along the continuation of the circular arch bounding the planet's disk, and from the space between that arch and the plane of the verge, it could not present the appearance of a circle. Mr. Symmes says

the moon ought not to be hollow, because of her slow motion, but if as he says, matter has a tendency to condense at the surface and not at the centre, any motion on its axis would render a globe hollow, and indeed if the formation he contends for is the necessary result of the wisdom of the deity, it ought as certainly to be found in the moon as any other planet, otherwise the uniformity of the system is broken and the wisdom of the Creator operates with partial effect.

The remainder of Mr. Symmes' arguments in support of his doctrines, consists principally of a mass of statements, chiefly collected from the accounts of travellers and navigators in the polar regions, such as that trees and drift-wood are lodged on the shores of Iceland and elsewhere brought by currents from regions still farther north; that seeds of tropical plants were cast upon the shores of Norway in so recent a state as to vegetate; that the north end of Spitzbergen produces grass and graminivorous animals; the southern only moss and carnivorous animals; that herrings, whales, and reindeer, travel northward in the winter season in search of a milder climate, together with a number of other facts which tend to prove that the climate in the immediate vicinity of the north pole is milder than in a latitude farther south, from which he infers that those regions are within the verge, where he supposes the climate to be more temperate than without, but supposing the fact to be as he states it, and I have no reason to believe it otherwise, is it impossible to account for it in any other way than by imagining the earth to be hollow. The causes which regulate the changes of climate and the varieties of temperature in the same latitude are probably numerous and but imperfectly understood; the vicinity of large bodies of water has much effect in moderating the severity of cold; the influence of cultivation is known to be considerable, probably by disrobing the surface of its forests and thus admitting the free access of sun and air. The Tiber in the early ages of the Roman Commonwealth was frequently frozen over, a circumstance which has not occurred for a long period of time previous to the present. In Tennessee, lands which were very productive of cotton at the time of its first settlement, are now

abandoned for that culture, in consequence of the frequent failure of the crops, and their deficiency when happening to arrive at maturity. Since therefore, so many causes are undoubtedly operative in the regulation of climate, why is it necessary to form a new theory of the earth, in order to account for its phenomena, and which in fact fails in the explanation of those anomalies which are so continually presented in this department of human knowledge.

From a vast mass of statements all bearing considerable resemblance, I have only selected two as specimens of Mr. Symmes' reasonings, and to shew how weak must be the cause which requires to be propped by such vague and uncertain testimony. Mr. Hearne while at Hudson's Bay, observed some natives in possession of copper knives, and on asking whence they had obtained them, received for answer, that they had been purchased of people residing in a tropical region, whither they had gone to purchase furs. Mr. Symmes remarks on this, that our tropical regions affording no furs, they must have obtained them near the interior equator, but would not the torrid regions of the concave be as bad a market to resort to for the purchase of furs as our own. Aware of this, he supposes they must have been brought from the south polar regions of the interior, to the equator and there sold to these natives. To me this relation of the Indians has the appearance of being a subterfuge designed to mislead Hearne, from whom they probably apprehended interference in their trade with the more distant northern tribes.

The other statement is, that shores have been seen at the distance of 200 miles in high north latitude, from which he infers that the surface of the earth is apparently bent upwards or flattened by the power of refraction, and adduces it as proof of the great refractive power of the atmosphere in those latitudes, which enables him to explain with some plausibility the manner in which the concave is enlightened by the solar rays. But this statement when coupled with another made by some voyagers, that the image of the ship was seen in the clouds, is easily accounted for. Many persons in this part of the world are perhaps unacquainted with the phenomenon denominated Fata Morgana, which consists in the representation of coasts, cities, castles, houses, trees, and other objects upon banks of fog, or on clouds, when the sun's rays fall in such a manner that their images may be reflected in the proper direction to reach the cloud where they are pictured, and from thence the eye of the observer. This is a phenomenon of frequent occurrence and most likely to be seen in a climate where the aqueous particles exist in the atmosphere in a state of such imperfect solution as to render clouds and mist a common appearance;

which is the case in high latitudes. The shores which are stated to have been seen at such great distances were evidently pictured objects of this kind, and do not require a new organization of physical science in order to account for them.

I come now to notice the manner in which Mr. Symmes contrives to light and warm his inner world. He supposes that the sun's rays are so bent by refraction, that they reach the eye of the observer on the concave surface any where within eighteen degrees of the real verge, even on that side which is nearest the sun, which is therefore, seen as if shining over the opposite edge of the verge and consequently in a point of the heavens distant from his true place never less than 90° nor ever quite so much as 180°.—Another mode by which the light reaches the concave is this: when the earth's axis is inclined towards the sun, his rays pass into the opening at the farther side, between the concentric spheres, which operation is supposed to be facilitated by the power of refraction, and the sun is seen by an observer placed in this position nearly in the situation where he really is.

By these happy expedients he contrives that the inhabitants of the interior shall have perpetual day; it also happens, he informs us that the rays which enter between the shells are so bandied about by successive reflections from one to the other, as to become scattered and diffused throughout the whole interior. I shall now endeavour to shew how inconsistent this part of the hypothesis is with itself and also with the wise designs of the creator as manifested in the general economy of the universe.

Refraction is a bending of the rays of light in passing from one medium to another of different density, as from air into water. When the ray passes from a rarer to a denser medium in an oblique direction, constant experience teaches us that the refracted part is bent towards a perpendicular to the surface of the refracting medium at the point where the ray enters, and when the ray passes from a denser to a rarer medium, the refracted part is bent from the same perpendicular. But when the ray passes from one medium to another in a perpendicular direction, refraction ceases entirely and the ray passes on in its first direction, without being drawn to either side, how great soever may be the refractive power of the medium into which it passes. If a ray therefore in entering a medium obliquely is refracted until it becomes perpendicular to the surface of the medium, there the effect ceases, the ray cannot again diverge from that perpendicular, and will continue its course in a straight line from that point.

Now on the supposition of polar openings, the atmosphere over these openings in conforming to the figure of the globe will assume a level surface, and be composed of

successive level strata of different densities rising one above another, the densest being at bottom, the rarest at the top. A ray of light therefore entering the atmosphere in an oblique direction would be bent more and more towards a perpendicular to its surface, which would also be perpendicular to the plane of the opening—and supposing it to be so bent as to coincide with that perpendicular which however, I do not admit as possible, the moment this should take place all refraction would cease and the ray proceeding in the direction of this perpendicular would be carried out at the opposite polar opening if no solid body intervened to arrest its progress.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SELECTIONS.

### THE SON AND HEIR.

*A Story for the Irascible.*

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant attempted to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen: I started up and paced the room: the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favourite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked on me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not: he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father; it was written by my mother, and entreatingly besought me instantly to return to them.—Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave. Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior creature. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half-Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to



pray earnestly to God for his wisdom & guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger—she confessed that she dreaded to hear while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the lady Jane N—, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for: I did not intercede that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted, a son was born to us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature: but in all his faults, in his deceit, and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart? there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me.—I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer. I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone forever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself. While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances: perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish, when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I had acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honour among men I looked for. I had

sought to make my son every thing that was excellent, but I had not sought to make myself fit for the work I undertook. My own unnatural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? when passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The Countess my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often, do I behold in memory his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the sun free wind.

My boy loved his Arab courser, as all noble-spirited boys love a favourite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. He removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library: the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows which I had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favourite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to the man to desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from under the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the libra-

ry shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay displeased me. I was in a very ill humour when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat, in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried, "Answer me one question; are you right or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst. Alas, I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to strike where I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and footed awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came. I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I awoke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. "Where is it?" I cried; "Where is the body of my murdered boy?" When I spoke the word "murdered," my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, "He is not dead—he is alive," My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sat in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. "We have examined the poor child," she said, "but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me." "I can answer you," I said; "no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head.—I did not see the face of my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me; I heard my mother's low heartbreaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze.—"Oh my husband," she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms round my neck: she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me

thus, I cried: 'remember, you must remember that you are a mother.' 'I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband,' she replied, weeping. 'No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel with you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction?' My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and rising up, she looked me in the face. 'Henry,' she said, in a faint deep voice, 'I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me.' As she was speaking the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She should have concealed, at least for a while, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form; his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint lifelike animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the fifth day, that he woke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him, without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in my face to make him smile. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still."—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose.—When Jane came to me I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved," she said, "Go to bed I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eye-balls. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state, I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber.

She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother! No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have needed to command before. My son be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for your hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God. Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. 'God strengthen you, and bless you,' she said; 'I cannot now trust myself to say more.' Her voice was feeble and trembling, now her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin pale cheek; she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could then laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the ballustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western orial window, which is opposite the doors by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near: she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand.—She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewn over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the child-like bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colourless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me; and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would frighten him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

Sunday August the 30th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me, with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me; and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so. It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there, it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, 'You have a mind whose powers are not confused, you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you, the hopes of glory are daily visible to you.' Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke from Thee. Did not his vacant look say also; 'Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made! Think upon what I was? Think upon what I am?' With a broken heart I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked round, I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of.

Gaming.—It is said, that this species of amusement was invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, &c. It is added, that, to bear their calamity better, many used to play a whole day without interruption, that they might not be racked with the thoughts of food. This invention intended as a *remedy* for hunger, is now a very common cause of that evil.

Curran's mode of Quizzing.—When the gentlemen of the law at Dublin formed during the war, a body of volunteer infantry, it was whispered that a popular barrister, who was lame, and with whom Mr. Curran was particularly intimate, intended to offer himself towards the completion of the corps. This so chagrined Mr. Curran, that he determined, if possible, to save him from the mortification that he knew must inevitably attend his application, namely—being laughed at for his vanity, and rejected as unfit. He stepped up to the blemished barrister, in the hall of the four courts, and with his usual vivacity, accosted him, 'Ha! L—, so you're going to *list*?—I believe I *must* join,' said the other. 'You are in a great hurry to be *shot*?' was the reply. 'For what?' demanded the other.—'For disobedience of



orders,' said Mr. Curran; 'for, by St. Patrick, when you're ordered to march, you'll halt.'—All present were confounded, except the wit himself, who wheeled off to another group, and gossiped as gaily as if he had never said 'halt!'

*Spanish Wit.*—The marquis del Carpio, a grandee of Spain, giving the holy water to a lady who presented him with a skinny ugly hand, ornamented with a fine diamond, said, loud enough to be heard; 'I would rather have the ring than the hand.' The lady taking him instantly by the golden collar of his order, said, 'And I the halter rather than the ass.'

*Bon-Mot of a Clergyman.*—In a country church, where it was the custom to separate the men from the women, the minister being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said, 'Sir, the noise is not among us.'—'So much the better,' answered the clergyman, 'it will sooner be over.'

*The Integrity of a Christian and the Generosity of an Infidel.*—Compian, a French merchant, having embarked in Egypt, in the prosecution of his business, had the misfortune to be captured by a pirate of Tripoli, and sold to a rich individual. Though treated with great gentleness, the prospect of hopeless separation from his family and relatives plunged him into deep melancholy. His master having in vain endeavoured to comfort him, at length allowed him to revisit his native country, and settle his affairs, on a promise that he would return within a limited period. Compian passed a few months in the bosom of his family, and, like another Regulus, fulfilled his engagement with the generous barbarian. On his arrival at Tripoli, he found the latter overwhelmed with grief on account of the dangerous illness of a beloved wife. 'Christian,' said he, 'you return most opportunely: you see my sufferings. Pray to your God that he would take pity on my wife and myself;—for the prayers of the righteous avail much.' Compian instantly fell on his knees, blending his supplications with those of the Moslem: and the fair patient was soon restored to health. Her grateful husband would no longer have an unhappy person in his presence. 'Cease,' said he, 'to lament your fate. Gladly would I retain you under my roof, pass my days in your society, and give you my daughter in marriage: but the law of the prophet forbids the union. Accept, then, the only worthy present that I can give, nor thank me till I have merited your gratitude. Receive your freedom,—and take your passage in the vessel which I have loaded.—The cargo is your own; for I would

not restore you empty handed to your friends. Go in peace; and may Heaven protect and bless you!

### THE PLAGIARIST, No. III.

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception: which proceeds (where men do not practice it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of considering man as a perfect creature. But if we rightly examine things we shall find there is a sort of economy in Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and to mix them in society. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as necessary in conversation as the diversity of trades for the flourishing of commerce. The happiest climate does not produce all things; and it was so ordered that one part of the earth should want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correspondence and good understanding. It is, therefore, want of good sense as well as good nature, to say Simplicius has a better judgment but not so much wit as Latius; for that these have not each others capacities is no more a diminution to either, than if you should say Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected among men, that any one quality or endowment in a heroic degree, with them, made a god. Hercules had strength, but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of Minerva or the wisdom of Venus. These wise heathens were glad to immortalise any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise; we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with any apparent weakness. It is thus we are to account for the strange delight men take in reading lampoons and scandal, with which the age abounds. It is principally for this reason, that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of his defects; and keep themselves in countenance though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they have in common with a great person, any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour and gratifies the baseness of temper which is naturally the enemy of extraordinary merit. It is from this, that libel and satire are joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the satirist and libeller differ as much as the magistrate and murderer. In the consider-

ation of human life, the satirist never falls upon persons who are glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conspicuously commendable.

The only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard only upon what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage as well as diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation I do not deserve, I shall be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt as of false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. *Undeserved praise, can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity.* I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction nowhere but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinions of others. If we have not this, there is no help against scandal, but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. This love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it, have generally the most exquisite relish of it.

As the love of reputation is a darling passion in great men, so the defence of them in this particular is the business of every man of honesty and honour. We should on such an occasion run to their relief as if a public building was on fire; and all who spread or publish such detestable pieces as traduce their merit should be used like incendiaries. It is the common cause of our country to support the reputation of those who preserve it against invaders; and every man is attacked in the person of that neighbour who deserves well of him. V.

### THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1824.

We have postponed some original articles to make room for the eloquent and pathetic warning of the dangers arising from the indulgence of an irascible and hasty temper, contained in the story of the Son and Heir.

This piece is from the London Magazine, and has been republished in two of the periodical works of this Country, and may probably be already in the hands of some of our readers. But, the lesson it inculcates is so important, the passion of anger being so frequent a disturber of the happiness of private life and subject to fewer restraints than most of our vices,—since public opinion scarcely reaches it,—that it deserves

the particular attention of the moralist, who can hardly repeat too often his cautions against so dangerous an enemy. This story therefore, tho' it may appear stale to some, will doubtless be interesting to a majority of our readers.

THE Tragedy of the Revenge which was to have been performed at the Cincinnati Theatre on Thursday evening last, for the benefit of Capt. Symmes, has been postponed until Monday evening next, when it will be performed by the Thespian Society of Newport, assisted by one of the members of the Cincinnati Thespian Society.

The object of the funds to be raised for Capt. S. is that of enabling him to proceed to the eastward and endeavour to obtain an outfit for a polar expedition, either by patronage of the Government or of individuals. Such an expedition although it might not verify Capt. Symmes' theory, would probably, if properly organized and conducted, be useful to the world by assisting the progress of scientific discoveries.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—

I fear that you are not careful enough, to give us all the necessary information respecting the progress of science in the West. We have been informed of the intended voyage to the moon from Lexington, and have been waiting for some time in expectation of hearing of the flying of the expedition. This intelligence however, has not yet reached us, or at least not in a direct and positive manner; nevertheless, we cannot but be convinced that such a voyage has been actually accomplished, as it is incredible that the superior degree of wisdom and learning which has lately been displayed here, could have been obtained without some direct communications from that planet. I allude to the flood of new light which burst upon us on Wednesday evening of last week, on hearing Mr. J. Sims' lecture, and which must unquestionably be *moonlight*. What appeared most remarkable to me, was the superlative modesty with which the heresies of those weak minded men, Sir Isaac Newton and his followers were overthrown. The useless or pernicious tendency of mathematical science when applied to Astronomy was also exhibited with equal modesty and effect. There can be no doubt that all the nonsensical trash of this kind will be immediately discarded from our schools and leave us time to devote our attention to more important matters; such, for instance, as making experiments upon moonshine, an article that has been long and extensively used in this country.

Whether Mr. J. Sims is a believer in Capt. Symmes' theory, or not, I could not ascertain from his lecture, but I presume he

is, since his doctrine appears to be that the earth's motion on her axis as well as in her orbit, is occasioned by evaporations from the water which congregate over the land, and by their pressure, occasion the revolutions of this planet, which, if it be hollow must be the more easily moved.

I trust that the publication of this new theory will not long be delayed, since it would be very selfish to confine such a treasure within the narrow precincts of Cincinnati.

X.

#### PUBLIC OPINION.

THE following correct idea of the power of public opinion, as delivered on the *Greek* question, please to insert and oblige

A. B.

"Would you have us send armies into Europe? No I would not. But this reasoning mistakes the age. Formerly, indeed there was no making an impression but by bayonets, by fleets and armies. But the age has undergone a change: there is a force in public opinion, *which in the long run*, will outweigh all the physical force that can be brought to oppose it. Until public opinion is subdued, *the greatest enemy of tyrants is not yet dead*. What is the soul, the informing system of our institutions of our entire system of government? *Public opinion*. Whilst this acts with intensity and moves in the right direction, the country must ever be safe. Let us direct this force, the vast moral force of this engine to the aid of others. *Public opinion*, is the great enemy of the HOLY ALLIANCE. Public opinion is not cancelled or destroyed. [Public opinion cannot be thrown into the fire and burnt.] Like Milton's angel, it is vital in every part. Let us then speak. We shall have the thinking world all with us: and be it remembered, it was a *thinking* community that achieved our revolution before a battle had been fought."

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

A new tragedy is in rehearsal at the Philadelphia Theatre, written by a gentleman of that city. It is entitled "Superstition."

THE manager of the new Summer Theatre in New York has offered a premium of a GREEK CROSS valued at \$100, for an address to be delivered at the opening of the Theatre. It must be written by a female, not exceed sixty lines in length, and be presented in the usual way. The lady to whom the prize may be adjudged, will (very ungallantly) be required to swear or affirm that she is really and truly the authoress of the piece presented in her name.

A new novel by Dr. McHenry, author of "The Wilderness," is in press at Philadelphia. It is entitled "O'Halloran or the In-

surgent Chief." The scene is laid in Ireland in 1798.

As the Lexington 'Steam Eagle' has been a subject of much speculation, and as nothing had been heard of its progress for some time past, we were pleased to find in the (Lexington) Reporter, the following account of the present state of the invention, which will probably be sufficient to satisfy the expectations that have been excited respecting it.

Public curiosity having been considerably excited respecting this invention, some authentic information of its progress will doubtless be acceptable to our readers.

An engine calculated for a four horse power has been completed and put in operation. Upon trial, however, it was found to have defects, both in plan and workmanship, which it is necessary to remove, before a decisive experiment can be made. A new mode of obtaining a rotatory motion was adopted, which was thought, in the manner it was executed, to be disadvantageous; being attended not only with much difficulty in working the valves, but also with considerable loss of power. The force pump was also found to be defective: it had been calculated to work according to the principles laid down in the books on steam: but on trial, it was proved to be incapable of supplying the generator with water enough for high steam, the doctrine of the books in this point being extremely erroneous. From these defects, the engine could not be worked with high steam, so as to try its powers effectually. No difficulty or incompetency has yet been discovered in the generator, which is the principal part of the invention.

An ingenious and enterprising manufacturer in Nicholasville, is going to make the necessary alterations in this engine, and apply it to the spinning of cotton. We shall consequently know, in a few weeks, how it succeeds, for the ordinary purposes of steam power. The inventor is confident, from all his experiments, that it will answer for any use, to which steam power can be applied; that its advantages will be, cheapness in the first cost, economy of fuel to the greatest extent of which steam will admit; and above all, great lightness and compactness. The engine which has been built, does not weigh more than 120 lbs. and is susceptible of being built with still greater lightness, for four horse power, including both of fuel and water.—There can consequently be no doubt of its applicability to the propelling of wagons on railways and turnpikes, and steam-boats on our shallowest rivers.

The inventor is entirely confident, that its lightness will admit of its employment in *ærial navigation*. An *ærial* apparatus was partly constructed and applied to the engine that has been built; but the want of funds to complete it, the defects in the engine al-



ready mentioned, and a belief that a better plan for that use can be adopted, have conspired to prevent a full experiment in that way: and it is feared, that the want of funds will essentially retard the inventor in his endeavors to bring his improvement to perfection. But the improvement in the generator is of immense importance,

SOUTHEY & COLERIDGE are said to be candidates for Bishopricks in the West Indies.

LORD BYRON's new drama of the "Deformed Transformed," has been published. The plot is said to be taken from Lewis' novel of "The Three Brothers."

Two printing offices have been established at Missolonghi, (Greece,) and a daily journal is about to be published, entitled the "Grecian Chronicle."

It is stated in a London paper that the author of Waverley has contracted to furnish his Bookseller with three novels annually for three years, for which he is to receive £10,000 per annum, and that he has already delivered four of the works contracted for.

THE question whether there is a separation between the continents of Asia and America, has been decided by Capt. Cochrane in the affirmative. He has been two years engaged in a survey of the northern coast of Asia.

*Pressure applied to facilitate Dyeing, Tanning, &c.*—It was discovered a few years ago, by Count de la Boulaye-Marsillac, (Philosophical Magazine, No. 268,) that thread or woven fabrics, put into a dyeing liquor, diluted as such mostly are by water, imbibed the liquor to saturation; and the fibres having then quickly attracted and taken up the colouring matter of the imbibed liquor, the diluting water remained in great part stagnated in the interstices of the fabric, and thereby prevented the access of fresh portions of the dyeing liquor to the central parts of the threads; and the expedient was in consequence adopted, of repeatedly passing the thread or fabric; whilst in the vat, between very smooth rollers, closely pressed together, so as to expel the watery and exhausted dye, and admit fresh portions, as often as was necessary; and hereby an astonishing improvement in the brilliancy and durability of many colours, on cloth, has been effected. We have not heard that these principles, though so evidently applicable, have been applied to the tanning of leather, using rollers, or otherwise applying pressure, repeatedly to expel the spent tan-liquor.

*Thenard's Blue.*—Thenard has given the following formula for the preparation of this beautiful substance: Make a solution of nitrate of cobalt, by roasting the cobalt ore, digesting it in diluted nitric acid, evaporating the solution to dryness, and dissolving the residue in water. To this, phosphate of soda is added, and the powder thrown down,

well washed with water, and, when still moist, intimately mixed with eight times its weight of alumina, prepared by the addition of ammonia to a solution of alum, the alumina being used also before it is dried. The mixture is then spread on thin plates, dried in a stove, and when dry reduced to fine powder, which is afterwards exposed to a red heat in a covered crucible for half an hour.

*Improved Lamp.*—Mr. Fresnel has lately constructed, in France, lamps on the principle of M. Argand; but having, instead of one circular wick, two or three of such, concentrically placed, and admitting up a free current of air between each wick. The perfect combustion produced by the great heat and free access of air, to the oil thus volatilized at top of the wicks, is said to be productive of very great advantages, as to perfection and economy of light. Flat wicks have for a long time in this country been placed side by side, and near to each other, with similar advantages, by Major Cochrane and others.

*London Mechanics' Institution.*—An establishment of this title having been formed in London, a number of gentlemen met last month to give a local habitation to a society which had already a given name: and at the same time, to receive the report of the sub-committee, with the draft of certain laws, which, after many arduous sittings, they were prepared to submit for consideration and adoption. It was recommended that the Institution should receive donations of Money, Books, Specimens, Implements, Models, and apparatus; that, in the next place, there should forthwith be established a Library of Reference, a Circulating Library, and a Reading Room; that a Museum should be provided of Machines, Models, Minerals, and natural History; that Lectures should be given on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Practical Mechanics, Astronomy, Literature, and the Arts, also that Elementary Schools should be provided for the teaching of Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry, and their applications to Perspective, Architecture, Mensuration, and Navigation; and lastly, that there should also be established an Experimental Workshop and Laboratory; for the better instruction of mechanics by the results of experience. After due consideration, the following gentlemen were announced as Trustees for the year 1824:—Dr. Birbeck, H. Brougham, Esq. M. P. J. Walker, Esq. M. P. and Mr. Alderman Key.

*Newspapers.*—It has been ascertained, by the Post Master General, that there are five hundred and ninety-eight newspapers published in the U. States, viz:

In Maine,	12	In Georgia,	14
N. Hampshire,	11	Ohio,	48
Massachusetts,	35	Indiana,	12

Rhode Island,	9	Illinois,	5
Connecticut,	23	Missouri,	6
Vermont,	8	Kentucky,	18
New York,	137	Tennessee,	15
New Jersey,	18	Mississippi,	7
Pennsylvania,	110	Alabama,	10
Delaware,	4	Louisiana,	8
Maryland,	22	Michigan,	1
Virginia,	35	Dist. of Colum.	8
N. Carolina,	10		
S. Carolina,	12	Total,	598

This number is ascertained, with the town or village in which each paper is published. There are probably a few scattering papers not yet reported to the department.

Niles' Register.

## SUMMARY.

THE Spanish government has agreed to abandon all hostile designs on her South American colonies, and it is supposed, will soon acknowledge the independence of those countries. The decided tone of the message of the President of the United States, is thought to have had considerable influence in causing the adoption of this prudent course. Much discontent still exists in Spain and some insurrections are reported to have broken out.

THE Parliament of Great Britain was opened on the 3d February last. The king being unable from indisposition to attend in person, his speech was read by the Lord Chancellor, (commissioned for the purpose.) It represents the condition of the United Kingdom as very prosperous, her commerce, agriculture and manufactures flourishing. Peace with Foreign powers likely to continue, and the revenue increasing.

A loan of £800,000 sterling had been negotiated in London for the Greeks; double the amount wanted was offered. The affairs of Greece are in the most prosperous state, and all doubts as to success in achieving her independence, are relinquished. Supplies of clothing, ammunition and money had arrived from England and Germany.

THE king of France is dangerously ill, and not expected to outlive the month of March.

THE war between Persia and Turkey was about to be resumed, the treaty of peace not having been ratified.

Portugal is represented to be in a deplorable situation, a state of things but little removed from anarchy seems to exist in that country.

*Western Museum.*—The last Lecture for this season, will be delivered by Mr. DORVILLE, this Evening, when the essay on the scriptural account of the creation, delivered some time since for the benefit of the Greeks, will be repeated to the patrons of the institution.

## POETRY.

## TO MARIA.

In fond imagination's hour,  
When airy dreams the soul caress,  
And taught by Fancy's fairy power,  
We weave the web of happiness.

Then every scene in life looks gay,  
Far—far away are pain and sorrow,  
And the bright sunbeam of to-day,  
Gleams on the prospect of to-morrow.

In such an hour, my beating heart  
Delights to bid the future hail,  
And swayed by hope's enchanting art,  
List to her wildly woven tale.

It pictures some romantic spot,  
In nature's happiest mood designed,  
Where every earthborn care forgot,  
Joy claims the empire of the mind.

Some woodland solitude—more gay  
Than e'er even magic's pencil drew,  
Like Eden in its earliest day,  
Its sun as bright, its sky as blue.

Where every gale that stirs the trees  
Seems but the breath of health to be,  
And every sound that freights the breeze,  
The echo of tranquillity.

And where 'mid rose encircled bowers  
Reclines the maid my bosom's queen,  
Lovely as summer's morning hour,  
The fairy of the fairy scene.

Hers are the charms by Fancy given,  
To angel-spirits throned in air,  
And eyes whose blue was stolen from Heaven,  
And coral lips and golden hair.

There of our every wish possest,  
How sweet—from youth to age to dwell,  
Together then to sink to rest,  
Nor sigh to bid the world farewell.

One gale should waft our parting breath,  
One rustic stone should mark our grave,  
And o'er the hallow'd bed of death,  
One solitary willow wave.

Tell me, Maria can you blame  
A friend who long your worth has known,  
If in a dream like this, your name,  
He dares to mingle with his own.

1st. Samuel 18th Chapter, 6th and 7th verses  
PARAPHRASED.

As David from the war returned,  
With martial pomp, in proud array;  
Philistia's weeping daughters mourned,  
In sorrow deep, and wild dismay.

Sad was their bitter plaint of woe,  
Their army fled, their Champion slain;  
And many a much-loved friend laid low,  
Extended on the fatal plain.

Far different strains from transport flowing,  
Did Israel's fairer daughters sing;  
In joyful notes, loud praise bestowing,  
Upon their valiant warrior King.

Their white robes waving to the gale,  
In measured graceful steps they move;  
And pleas'd, their victor brothers hail,  
With songs of gratitude and love.

The tuneful harp and psaltery,  
In soft harmonious strains resound;  
While to the pleasing melody,  
The exulting maidens danced around.

Loud with the King's victorious name,  
The arched Heavens echoing rang;  
And louder to young David's fame,  
The sister band responsive sang.

Saul hath slain his thousands!  
Triumphantly they cried;  
And David his ten thousands!  
The echoing choir replied.

## SELECTED.

## THE PILGRIM.

Drop by drop the angel pours,  
Comfort every moment yours;  
Guards the night and cheers the day,  
Gently leading life away.

Every object, every thought,  
Sweetly seen, or kindly taught,  
Dropping in the simple heart,  
Unseen happiness impart.

Tho' the gloomy shades of night,  
Hide the hills, obscure the light,  
Cheerful hope with kindly ray,  
Drops of comfort still convey.

Safely flowing down the tide,  
E'en o'er ocean's bosom wide,  
Storms and tempests cease to fear,  
Drops of peace shall meet you there.

Then cease to sutter foolish tear,  
Sorrow, darkness, dwell not here;  
But light and comfort, drop by drop  
Raise the hopeful spirits up.

Then banish discontent's sad pain  
Fifty ne'er hoped in vain:  
Drop by drop, the angel pours,  
Peace, with virtue, must be yours.

## THE EVENING STAR.

I come from the place of my rest,  
When day has gone down to the deep,—  
When its glory hath passed through the gates of  
the west,  
And the small breeze hath sigh'd into sleep.

I come—and my path in the skies  
Is hail'd by the incense of even;  
To me doth the hymn of all nature arise,  
And soar in its sweetness to Heaven!

For me wakes the nightingale's song,  
From her bower of the sheltering leaf—  
The cuckoo sighs lonely the dim vale along,  
A strain like the music of grief!

I look on the land and the sea,  
When eve pours her tears and her sighs:  
The ocean and dew drop are mirrors to me,  
I'm imaged in Beauty's bright eyes!

When she walks in the gloom, I impart  
A ray to her path through the grove,  
And list with delight to the beat of her heart,  
When she hears the soft footstep of love!

O'er heaven unrivall'd I reign,  
A gem of the ocean I shine,  
My glorious altar's earth, island and main,  
And the worship of worlds 'is all mine!

## A SONG,

BY ZHUKOVK.

*Translated from the Russian:*

Say ye gentle breezes say,  
Round me why so gently breathing?  
What impels thee, streamlet! wreathing  
Through the rocks thy silver way?

What awakens new-born joy,  
Joy and hope thus sweetly mingled?  
Say, has pilgrim spring enkindled  
Rapture with her laughing eye?

Lo! heaven's temple bright, serene,  
Where the busy clouds are blending,  
Sinking now, and now ascending,  
Far behind the forest green!

Will the High, the Holy One,  
Veil youth's soul-enrapturing vision?  
Shall I hear in dreams elysian  
Childhood's early, lovely tone?

See the restless swallow flies  
Through the clouds—his own dominion;  
Could I reach on hope's strong pinion,  
Where that land of beauty lies!

O how sweet—how blest to be  
Where heaven's shelter might protect me!  
Who can lead me—who direct me  
To that bright futurity?

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